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Our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit.—Woodrow Wilson in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

I tell you, my countrymen, the world needs more of the Christ; the world needs the spirit of the Man of Nazareth. If we could bring into the relationship of humanity, among ourselves and among the nations of the earth, the brotherhood that was taught by the Christ, we would have a restored world.—President Harding in one of his Alaska speeches.

WE do, indeed, need the spirit of Christ—but we irreverently read into that spirit our own individual politics and prejudices. To Mr. Wilson it means the League of Nations and included our intervention in the European war; to Mr. Harding it means the World Court (with reservations) and includes General Wood in the Philippines. We need the lesson of Christian brotherhood, but we do not know what it means. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Harding use almost identical terms, but they would probably disagree upon the application of them to almost any practical problem. If they psychoanalyzed themselves they might come to admit that the use of such lofty terms is, whether consciously or unconsciously, a political artifice for uniting men's minds in clouds of discourse while evading the hard task of seeking practical solutions of the problems of life.

WHAT the misery of the Ruhr is doing to Germany is shown in two recent elections—one the legislative election in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the other in Germany's largest trade union, the Metal Workers' Union. Mecklenburg-Strelitz is the most rural state in Germany; its largest town has less than 13,000 inhabitants. Yet the small peasants there turned out and voted as the city-dwellers have been doing—they cast their ballots for extreme Right and extreme Left. The Communists, who had never before presented a ticket, won 10,633 votes, while the Socialists polled less than 12,000 where they had won 25,000 in 1920. The monarchist Nationalists, who in 1920 were so weak that they fused with other parties, took, with 12,600 votes, first place among the parties. The Metal Workers' Union was the vanguard-union of the 1918 revolution. Its leaders, Richard Müller, Urich, Robert Dissmann, have been regarded as radicals in the German labor movement. But they are Socialists, and while their party supports the Cuno Government they too seem entangled with it. In the recent Berlin metal strike they accepted a compromise settlement distasteful to the majority of their followers. And the result is that the union members have just voted Communist leaders into office, by nearly two to one. Only the parties of despair profit by the chaos in Germany today.

THE World Court has refused to give an advisory opinion, as requested by the Council of the League of Nations, on the Finnish-Russian dispute regarding the autonomy of Eastern Karelia, the semi-Finnish province of Russia which lies adjacent to Finland. Soviet Russia refused to recognize the court's jurisdiction or to present a case before it. By a vote of seven to four the court declared itself incompetent to pronounce an opinion in a dispute between a member of the League and a non-member without the latter's consent. Ordinarily such a decision would have seemed a matter of course in any court, but the recent attempts of the Great Powers to settle Germany's and Russia's affairs without consulting Germany or Russia, and their use of the League as a tool for imperial policy have raised natural suspicions of the independence of any organization sponsored by the League. If the court continues to show such independence it will win friends outside the circle of advocates of the League.

NOT *Vae victis* but *Vae victoribus* is the appropriate motto for the Treaty of Lausanne. If anything seemed absolutely certain at the close of the Great War, it was that the power of Turkey had been forever broken, and that Gladstone's policy of driving her "bag and baggage" out of Europe had at last reached fulfilment. When Turkey joined the belligerents on the side of the Central Powers the opinion was general that she was thereby virtually committing suicide. One remembers, for instance, a typical cartoon of the time in which a fez-crowned gobbler was pictured as swinging an ax for its own decapitation. This verdict seemed to be confirmed by the position in which Turkey found herself at the end of the conflict and by the terms of the Treaty of Sèvres. But the rivalries of the victorious Powers have given the proverbial sick man of Europe an opportunity not only to escape the undertaker but to regain health and vigor. Turkey emerges now not

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only retaining its ancient capital but reinstated in possession of Eastern Thrace and relieved of the humiliating concession to foreign residents involved in the judicial capitulations, the European Powers merely being permitted to have legal advisers to receive complaints. Naturally Constantinople celebrated the new treaty.

IMPERIALISM is very much the same the world around. We have our Leonard Wood in the Philippines. Every Filipino party united in the unanimous demand that Wood be recalled—how our newspapers would have foamed with rage had that happened in Ireland or in a French or German colony! The British, about to relax their martial law in "independent" Egypt, as a farewell reminder sentenced five Egyptians to death for alleged conspiracies to kill British officials. France reports that in the campaign for the "pacification" of Morocco which was inaugurated last March she had lost 253 men and officers killed and 587 wounded, and that friendly tribes had lost 100 killed and an unknown number wounded. How many of the "pacified" natives were killed the official report does not say; if the French pacify as efficiently in Morocco as the Americans did in Haiti, it would be something like 50,000.

ECONOMIC problems, as the present state of Europe attests, have no mercy on the whims of mere politics, and sooner or later demand solutions in which the most inveterate political prejudices have to go by the board. This truism has just been illustrated on a smaller scale in Ireland. Premier Craig, of Ulster, and President Cosgrave, of the Free State, have met for the first time as the heads of their respective governments. Appropriately enough, it is the question of communications that has brought them together. Politically Ireland may be split up into as many factions as the demon of discord pleases, but she must be a United Ireland in the matter of railroads or the social and industrial life of the whole country will be dislocated. In the face of the necessity of certain adjustments of the railroad situation, the old attitude of mutual aloofness has had to be abandoned, and Ephraim and Judah have accordingly sat down at the same table to talk things over. Such rapprochements are always gradual, and one is not surprised to learn that this first meeting was held on neutral ground—namely, in London—but it is officially reported that Mr. Cosgrave will shortly be visiting the North of Ireland and may then see Mr. Craig again. Other interesting announcements are that President Cosgrave, with a strong delegation, will attend the September meeting of the League Assembly in Geneva, and that the appointment of a minister to Washington is a prominent item on the agenda of the Free State Government.

SO South America, too, is to join in laying the way for the "next war." An Associated Press dispatch from Buenos Aires quotes *La Razon* as saying that the President of Argentina has sent to the Senate for "secret consideration" (note well that phrase!) a request for authority to spend some $150,000,000 to "modernize" the army. The "negative results" of the recent Pan-American Conference at Santiago, Chile (which has been described as a great success by our delegates), are put forward as the reason for increasing the military strength of Argentina, and "a high army chief" reveals that the plans call for a strong air force, an extensive acquisition of modern machine-guns, and machinery for the manufacture of projectiles. Naturally Argentina looks toward France, leader in modern militarism, for her equipment.

WHEN the labor struggle invades the labor movement itself, capitalists and their newspapers sit up and take notice. It gives them a chance to wag their heads sagely and arrive at wide conclusions about the ultimate chances of industrial democracy. They had such an opportunity lately in the strike of the workers in the establishments of the Cooperative Wholesale Society in England which tied up for some weeks the manufacturing and distributing activities of that great organization. The fight was as bitter as any ordinary strike could be. The employees, organized in the National Union of Distributive and Allied Workers, charged the Cooperative Wholesale Society with breaking its agreement and refusing arbitration; the society maintained that it had acted in accordance with its agreement and therefore had no use for arbitration. Charges of ill-faith hustled through the air, and the columns of the *Daily Herald* were filled with a barrage of statements and interviews and advertisements from both sides. The dispute finally ended in a practical victory for the strikers on terms drawn up by a joint committee of trade unionists and cooperators. It is fortunate at any rate that labor was able to find means to settle its quarrels inside its own ranks; but the more labor goes into business, whether it be manufacturing or banking or mining or distributing, the more necessary it will be for it to face and solve the knotty problems of democratic control. It cannot afford to have the capitalists wagging their heads.

IF the Ku Klux Klan succeeds in buying Valparaiso University, it will apparently take over only the shell of what was formerly a remarkable educational undertaking. In an age and country when most institutions of higher learning are finding it hard to make both ends meet, even when largely endowed, Valparaiso University, conducted on the "pay-as-you-go" plan, prospered until recently through selling education on a strictly commercial basis. Until the outbreak of the World War, it offered a higher education to the ambitious boy or girl for $120 a year, all expenses included, less, as the New York *Herald* observes, than the tuition alone at many colleges. If the student lacked the $120, there were means of self-help on the university's truck farm and otherwise. There was only one disadvantage from the youthful standpoint—one was expected to study! Work began at 6.30 a.m. There were no intercollegiate athletics, no Greek-letter fraternities, no "student activities." So it went until recently, when there was a change of management. A football team was sent east to play Harvard; fraternities were established. Result: the attendance, which in 1920 was 4,000, dropped last year to 1,500, and financial difficulties arose. Since the principles upon which Valparaiso University was established seem to have disappeared, the rest may perhaps fittingly pass to the Invisible Empire.

THE National Woman's Party achieved a successful coup d'etat in staging its demand for equal rights for men and women on the historic ground of the first equality convention held at Seneca Falls in 1848. Whatever may be its

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historic right to preempt that battlefield and to wage its own campaign on that ground, the Woman's Party has at least the right of conquest and of imagination. Its boldness and sense of dramatic values never fails it, and it is probable that henceforth the beginning of the woman's rights movement and the modern Woman's Party will be linked together in people's minds. The party convention has adopted as its program the pushing of an amendment to the Federal Constitution. In its new and simplified form this amendment reads: "Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction."

THIS sounds fair and reasonable enough but in effect it would undoubtedly nullify all laws, State or National, for the special protection of women, and would work especial havoc with labor legislation. The Woman's Party recognizes this, but insists that the democratic way toward protective labor legislation is by combining the interests of men and women. In countries other than the United States this may be good tactics, but it happens that the provisions of our Constitution in regard to freedom of contract have been interpreted by the Supreme Court so as virtually to make it impossible to regulate the working hours of men or to fix other conditions of their employment. On the other hand, working hours and other conditions of employment for women have been largely and beneficially regulated through laws which the courts have sustained on the ground of their vital relation to health and the public welfare. If the Woman's Party will link with its suggested amendment another to restrict the provisions of the Constitution in regard to freedom of contract, then it will have a proposition worthy of consideration. Without that, the proposal will doubtless commend itself to reactionary employers, but will be viewed by the country's workers as certain to do incalculable harm.

IT is too bad that Federal divorce legislation has come to be synonymous in the United States with reactionary divorce legislation. If the light of Scandinavia shone over this country it is likely that most of us would support a movement for unifying and simplifying our legal methods in this field; for they are undoubtedly wildly disorganized and absurd. But when the fact is that darkness and obscurantism dominate the making of our laws, especially in the field of morals, the result of Federal action would be to fasten a medieval system of divorce on every State and every individual. "As bad as the worst" seems to be the motto of the Federal divorce-law advocate. The movement for Federal legislation is growing, however, and Senator Capper's uniform marriage-and-divorce law is receiving much support, especially from women. At least one woman's magazine of fabulous circulation has thrown itself into the fight, and the recent national convention of business and professional women's clubs held at Portland, Oregon, indorsed the measure. It is all too easy for those of us who are ourselves unconcerned lightly to recommend measures that will fetter and ruin the happiness of a helpless minority and at the same time bind the country to dead and decaying social traditions.

"MOST of them use it for pin-money anyway." This has been the historic excuse of department-store owners, sweat-shop operators, and other employers of girls for the low wages paid to women workers. And as long as nobody knew anything about it the statement carried conviction. "They live at home, so they don't need more." Unfortunately for these theorist-employers the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor has recently published a pamphlet entitled "The Share of Wage-Earning Women in Family Support," and the pin-money theory has been completely devastated. As the result of several careful investigations of industrial communities containing fair proportions of native and foreign-born workers it appears that (1) practically every married woman wage-earner contributes every cent she earns to the support of the home; (2) of unmarried women workers living at home, as most of them do, from 59.9 to 90.5 per cent contribute their entire wages to the home; (3) among the unmarried children a greater proportion of daughters than of sons contribute their total earnings and have done so during the entire time they have been at work; (4) no appreciable number of women workers keep their wages for their own use. In one typical industrial community figures were secured from several thousand men and women in the textile, clothing, glass, and silk industries. Taken all together the women contributed from 86.4 to 96 per cent of their earnings to their families; the men from 78.2 to 84.6 per cent. That the actual money contribution of the men was higher reflects only on the indecently small wage paid to the women.

HIDDEN among the New York theater advertisements we find this choice bit of publicity for the steel trust:

> JUDGE ELBERT GARY says:
> TAYLOR HOLMES in "NOT SO FAST" is a clean, wholesome, and entertaining play. It deserves a long run at the MOROSCO Theatre. I hope to see it again. Eves. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

In return for Judge Gary's courteous indorsement of the not-so-fast principle we shall expect to find on the financial pages some such statement as this:

> MARION MEARS, ingenue in "NOT SO FAST," says: "The UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION, in a clean, wholesome, and philanthropic way, is distributing forty million dollars as a quarterly dividend. Its directors and the mill workers (to whom the abolition of the twelve-hour day has generously been promised for the twenty-third time in as many months) deserve long life and prosperity." Shares on sale by all stockholders.

THE Crystal Palace, London's famous amusement resort, is ten inches longer in summer than in winter, according to Sir Martin Conway, who explains this as due to the expansion of the metal framework in warm weather. The Eiffel Tower and like structures are subject to similar variations with the temperature; doubtless also steel or iron steamships. The idea suggests itself that, relying upon this law of nature, the United States Shipping Board succeeded in making the Leviathan the world's largest steamship by taking her latest measurements in summer, whereas those of her nearest rival, the Majestic, were perhaps made in winter. The enterprise of the Shipping Board is commendable, but what is it going to do next January when snow envelopes the North Atlantic route and the Hudson River docks are jammed with broken ice? Possibly the cost of passage will be reduced on the ground that the cabins, so luxurious in summer, are less spacious in winter. Or the ship may be withdrawn entirely from the North Atlantic service and sent into southern waters. It would doubtless be welcomed by thirsty Americans as a ferry between Key West and Havana.

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Uncle Sam, Hermit?

"IGNORE Europe," Hiram Johnson exhorts us, and straightway sets the example by discoursing of her in a speech that fills nearly a page of the daily paper. Even across "the God-given vantage of 3,000 miles of protecting waters" he cannot resist the pull of the European magnet, struggle against it as he may. Nor can anyone else who is ambitious of influencing American opinion. It is easy to poke fun at the flight of so many Senatorial swallows over the ocean this summer, but their instinctive resort to Europe to see conditions there at first hand is full of significance. Consciously or subconsciously, they realize that our relation to the Old World is an outstanding problem in American politics. And, however they may differ in the details of their reports or in the conclusions about American policy to which their inquiries have led them, they are virtually unanimous in the account they bring back of the general situation abroad. Senator Hiram Johnson's picture of present-day Europe is no blacker than Senator Underwood's. Moreover, the same story is told by observers who approach the subject from a very different angle from that of the Washington politician. Soldiers like General Allen, religious leaders like John R. Mott, and journalists like Mark Sullivan are equally despondent.

The most startling confirmation comes from a source where the personal equation counts for nothing. The financial exchanges are ruled not by opinion or theory but by actualities. Their day-by-day quotations are not inspired by the impressions of tourists, but are decided by the known conditions in the various countries represented in the money market. You may think what you please about French or German policies, but there is no evading the bare fact that, whereas a dollar would formerly buy only about four and a half German marks, it will now buy a million. Money, measured by purchasing power, is getting to be about as valuable in Berlin as on Robinson Crusoe's island. The German mark today is worth less than the Polish mark or the Austrian krone, less even than the soviet ruble was worth two years ago.

The outlook was grave enough at the beginning of the year, but the French occupation of the Ruhr has gratuitously added a new and disastrous element to the forces making for the disintegration of the life of Europe. The effect of that occupation on international trade, said Premier Baldwin a few days ago, is exactly the same as if you inserted the blade of your penknife into the works of your watch. The peace of his own country, with all her traditional stability, is seriously threatened. A collapse of foreign trade, with its consequent unemployment, means far more to England than to France. To the Englishman, unlike the ancient Roman or the modern American politician, the sea is a symbol not of separation but of intercourse, and unless he can send out his products over the waterways of the world he must suffer a privation so acute that it may lead to a revolutionary discontent. Such is the prospect, and the crisis in the Entente may further exasperate the situation by transforming the relations between England and France into those of open hostility.

Meanwhile, what of America? She appears from time to time upon the scene, to use Sir Edward Grigg's striking figure, like a comet which for a moment illuminates the horizon and then disappears. No wonder the foreigner is puzzled by our attitude. He finds us rigidly determined to abate not a cent of what is due to us by other nations, yet utterly indifferent as to whether or not our debtors go bankrupt. He sees Mr. Fall, lately our Secretary of the Interior, chaffering for trade concessions with that Soviet Government which only yesterday, as a member of the Cabinet, he spurned as no government at all. Our people have spent generously of money and personal service for the relief of distress in Europe, yet the contribution of official America during 1923 to the resettlement of the world has so far consisted of (1) a refusal to have anything to do with Russia, (2) a refusal to consider any solution of the reparations problem that involves the canceling or scaling down of foreign debts, (3) the closing of the door of hope in the face of thousands of Europeans who, like our own forefathers, seek a career in the New World, and, as a worthy climax, (4) the seizure of liquor brought under seal to our ports in foreign ships, not for the purpose of violating our domestic law but for the use of ocean passengers.

The choice that lies before us is not really between association with Europe and abstention from her affairs. Unless we are prepared to accept frankly the status of a hermit nation, closing our embassies and consulates and placing an embargo upon imports and exports alike, we cannot avoid the responsibilities of a twentieth-century Great Power. Nothing is more absurd than the idea, implicit in so many discussions of the subject, that we can continue to trade with foreign countries while holding politically aloof from them. There can be no keeping international commerce and international politics in water-tight compartments. Every business man who goes abroad is a potential cause of international complications. There is a further consideration that should be prominent in the mind of the American trader—the fact, namely, that every business transaction between individuals in different countries depends fundamentally on the stability of their governments. Without stable government, you cannot have the assurance which is the basis of all trade. And today the equilibrium of the government of the greater part of Europe is rapidly approaching the equilibrium of an earthquake.

What we have to decide is whether we will be content to be dragged into European affairs at intervals by recurrent crises that are none of our creation or, by intelligent cooperation, will help to make things go somewhat more smoothly and sanely. Of course, if our American statesmen are afflicted with an inferiority complex and shrink from venturing beyond the three-mile limit lest they be outwitted by the shrewder and more practical European, it would be unkind and futile to thrust upon them tasks for which they feel themselves so unfitted. The implied confession, however, is somewhat humiliating to national self-respect, and one would be better pleased to hear that America, strong in her very freedom from entangling alliances, open or secret, was willing to help in the task of restoring peace to a distracted world.

Hiram Johnson was quite right when he pointed out that it would mean nothing to the peace of Europe for us to join the League or the World Court. But we have in our hands, if we are willing to use it, a powerful lever—the debts Europe owes us—which might be used to promote disarmament, reconciliation, and peaceful commerce in Europe.

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National Honor: Hughes *vs.* Hamilton

WHEN President Harding dedicated a monument in Washington to Alexander Hamilton he called attention to various advice on the subject of economic and financial integrity which that statesman had enjoined on the nation, and he took pride in the fact that the following of that advice had made us great. He failed to call attention, however, to one great utterance of Hamilton, which has a very concrete application to a policy now before the country and which some Americans, including Secretary Hughes, seem willing to forget, thereby dismaying those who believe that disregarding Hamilton's advice in this respect subverts our traditions and our reputation for financial integrity.

Speaking of the policy of regarding as inviolable the private property of foreigners in the United States, even of the citizens of enemy nations (Great Britain was then our enemy), Hamilton said, in his nineteenth Camillus letter:

> The right of holding or having property in a country always implies a duty on the part of its government to protect that property, and to secure to the owner the full enjoyment of it. Whenever, therefore, a government grants permission to foreigners to acquire property within its territories, or to bring and deposit it there, it tacitly promises protection and security.
>
> There is no parity between the case of the persons and goods of enemies found in our own country and that of the persons and goods of enemies found elsewhere. In the former there is a reliance upon our hospitality and justice; there is an express or implied safe-conduct; the individuals and their property are in the custody of our faith; they have no power to resist our will; they can lawfully make no defense against our violence; they are deemed to owe a temporary allegiance; and for endeavoring resistance would be punished as criminals, a character inconsistent with that of an enemy. To make them a prey, is therefore to infringe every rule of generosity and equity; it is to add cowardice to treachery. In the latter case there is no confidence whatever reposed in us; no claim upon our hospitality, justice, or good faith; there is the simple character of an enemy, with entire liberty to oppose force with force. . . .
>
> The property of a foreigner placed in another country, by permission of its laws, may justly be regarded as a deposit, of which the society is the trustee. How can it be reconciled with the idea of a trust to take the property from its owner when he has personally given no cause for its deprivation?

In disregard and defiance of these profound words of wisdom, which had become an American tradition and a fundamental principle of international law, the present Secretary of State recently urged Congress not to return the private property of German, Austrian, and Hungarian citizens which we had sequestrated during the war on the theory that it was to be held only during hostilities in order to prevent its belligerent use against the United States. But when the war closed, other uses for the property seem to have been found and the Secretary of State, promoter of world courts, has taken a leading part in subverting the law and traditions of the United States.

It is hardly possible that Mr. Hughes can fail to appreciate the revolutionary effect of the precedent he is helping to create. Oblivious of his own disregard of the principles of international law and American tradition, he boldly preaches to Russia and Mexico the illegality of confiscating the private property of foreigners, and his emissary in Mexico, Mr. Charles B. Warren, unctuously says to that Government: "There can be no compromise with the fundamental principles essential to international business." Is it just stupidity or perverseness that keeps the Secretary from realizing that he is not practicing what he preaches?

So long as we retain the private property of foreigners who invested their funds in the United States in reliance upon our good faith we have no standing to protest against the confiscatory acts of foreign governments. It becomes then not a question of "fundamental principle," but a question of whose ox is gored. Until the Allies and the United States retrace the revolutionary step they have taken with respect to German, Austrian, and Hungarian private property, they are estopped from making accusations against Russia on this score; they are rendering the whole institution of foreign investment unsafe and unsound. We ask the Secretary of State to reflect upon the anomalous position he is assuming at home and abroad and, notwithstanding the pressure of the British and French governments, to save his reputation and that of his country by returning to the paths of legality which Alexander Hamilton so ably and forcefully pointed out.

The Shoving of the South

W. W. Alexander, in the Christian Index, *ascribes the exodus of Negroes from the South not to the "pulling of the North" but to the "shoving of the South."*

WHEN Celia Shevick, a sixteen-year-old white schoolgirl, was murdered in Richmond, Virginia, on April 28, the energetic police immediately arrested twelve Negroes who happened to be in the vicinity and held them without bail. Two days later Richmond papers stated that "Joseph Enoch . . . last night was lodged in the city jail, charged with two capital crimes, [having] made and signed a complete confession [of the murder of Celia Shevick]." The papers omitted to say that Enoch was white.

A white woman writing to the editor of the Jacksonville (Florida) *Journal* (in the State where seven Negroes were lynched in the first six months of 1923) reported that she was riding on a city street car, several seats of which were unoccupied, when an old colored woman boarded the car and remained standing. "She looked very tired and carried a heavy handbag. I asked the poor old woman to sit beside me. She thanked me but said she did not like to raise a fuss. She admitted she had a very bad knee, too, but only said, 'I must not sit down. . . . There is no help.'"

After being sentenced to death in 1919, after having had five dates set for their execution, and after passing through four State and Federal courts and awaiting retrial two years, six Negro farmers were finally released on June 30 by order of the Supreme Court of Arkansas. The men had attempted to organize to obtain legal redress against peonage under the share-cropping system, and had been accused of a "plot to massacre whites." Indiscriminate hunting, shooting, and killing of Negroes had followed. H. F. Smiddy and F. K. Jones, white members of the sheriff's posse, swore that the white man for whose murder the Negroes were convicted by a white jury was killed by members of the posse. They further swore that they personally whipped the prisoners with straps studded with metal, put strangling drugs in their nostrils, and compelled the Ne-

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groes to sit in an electric chair to force testimony in the manner desired by the mob. Six other Negro defendants remain in the penitentiary at Little Rock awaiting action by the Federal judge. The freedom of the six innocent men just released was won after four years' fighting by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, at a cost of $14,000.

Within three weeks in July, these three items: Two hundred of the "best people" of Schulenberg, Texas, removed Jesse Bullock, Negro, accused of attacking a white girl, from a city jail and hanged him until dead; Willie Minnifield, accused of attacking and wounding a white woman with an ax, was taken by a mob from a posse near Yazoo City, Mississippi, tied to a stake, and burned to death, the mob then continuing its pursuit of another Negro said to have been standing outside the house during the attack; Regina Almstedt went to Mexico, Missouri, to look at Ollie Watson, now suspected of being the man who really attempted to attack her, a deed for which James T. Scott was lynched on April 20.

Florida, with one colored resident for every two white residents, has invested thirteen times as much money in schools for white children as in schools for colored children. Florida spends only $1.13 on each colored pupil and $10.47 on each white pupil, spends more than five times as much for white teachers' salaries as for colored teachers' salaries, and has an average school term of 111 days for the colored children as against 142 days for the white children. Louisiana, with 212 high schools for white children, has none for the colored. While her Negro population is more than a third of the total the school property for the use of white children is ten times as valuable as that for Negro children. The State spends, on an attendance basis, only $11.28 per colored child and $46.15 per white child, pays its colored teachers only $360 per year as compared with $1,198.98 paid white teachers, and offers 114 days of education per year to the colored child and 165 to the white child.

It is estimated that more than 250,000 Negroes have migrated North in the last six months. No wonder!

Austria Saved

AUSTRIA was dying. Austria had to be saved. The makers of the crazy quilt of Versailles had created a land without bread or coal or outlet; they had left a city of two millions without a hinterland. The cities were decaying; the children were starving to death. Austria had to be saved. It was clearly seen from the start. No French armies occupied Vienna or Gratz; no one attempted to collect indemnities. Then Seipel went a-begging and the loan was arranged. The world drew breath more freely. One good deed had been done.

There is no question of the necessity or the goodness of the deed. It is a fact, however, that the Austrians for whose sake one cares for Austria look upon the loan and its results with bitter misgiving. The scholars, artists, men of letters, liberals, educators who have sustained the ancient glory of Vienna—these have been but little heartened by the bread which the loan has brought. Man does not live by bread alone. What are their thoughts? What do they lack? What do they want?

After the crash in 1918 the Socialists seized the government in German Austria and instructed their Secretary of State, Dr. Otto Bauer, to negotiate at once for the union of the country with the German Republic. Even Versailles insisted on solidly nationalistic states except in such cases—as Czecho-Slovakia—where not to insist would make for a dismemberment of the German folk. Every Pole had to be gathered under the Polish flag. The Austrians did not underestimate their difficulties from without. They did not anticipate opposition from within.

But the opposition came. It came from the clericals who feared the predominance of Protestantism and liberalism in the *Reich;* it came from the bankers and industrialists whose interests were still scattered in all the lands of the Hapsburg crown, who had no care for the fate of this fragmentary Austria that was left, and who feared the competition of the bankers and industrialists of Prussia and the Rhine. Thus the anti-annexationists were the reactionaries, both clerical and capitalist. Hence all socialists, liberals, idealists, the representatives of Austrian civilization, became annexationists. They knew that Austria could not remain a "Kultur-Staat" if left to her own resources. They saw clearly that the alternative to union with the German Republic was international charity.

Charity means spiritual pauperization. He who receives gifts is supposed to strip himself of all wants except the humblest. So at this moment Austria is entering upon internal economies. The functions of the state are being reduced to the keeping of order and the administration of justice. Policemen and judges are to be the only officers of the pauper state. One hundred and twenty-five thousand government officials, for whom there is no place in the economic order of the country, have been thrown into the streets of Vienna. But that is not the worst. It is not the suffering of bodies that is the worst. This state which, despite all its political follies and iniquities, was among the leaders of mankind in education, in its fostering of art, science, public welfare, is to be reduced to spiritual poverty and obedience. With a vengeance, too. For the same reform that throws out the upholders of the intellectual culture of Vienna makes the priests of the Catholic church officials of the state. The country is back where it was in 1855. "Prälat" Seipel is content.

The crown has been stabilized. Imports have been reduced to a minimum. Hence industry is paralyzed but agriculture is untouched. Again Seipel is satisfied. He is content to let Austria sink to the status of a peasant state. The agrarians of Styria and the Tyrol look upon the socialists and artists and liberals and scientists and Jews of Vienna with no kindly eyes anyhow. The capitalists are satisfied. They don't need the schools and universities and laboratories. They need order and good hotels.

So everybody is satisfied with the loan and its internal consequences except the people that count, the people who have added so largely to the beauty and wisdom and spiritual wealth of the world, the people for whose sake the loan was made. It was these people in Vienna who drew the sympathies of the world to the fate of their country. Now there will be security in Austria and less starvation and, by and by, a prosperous ultramontane peasantry. There will be nothing for the traditions and the work and the influence of Vienna. The civilization of Gluck and Mozart and Beethoven and Grillparzer and Anzengruber and Schnitzler and Hofmannsthal and the great scholars and physicians and psychiatrists seems doomed. The body of Austria is saved. What of her soul?

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Disaster Impends in Germany

By ROBERT DELL

Berlin, July 9

IT is a painful experience to live in Germany just now. One is oppressed by the sense of impending disaster and by the misery that one sees on every side. The streets of Berlin are full of starving people many of whom have not the courage to ask for money but make only a mute appeal. A present of 5,000 marks—less than three cents—overwhelms them and brings tears to their eyes. They are grateful for even 100 marks, although controlled black bread now costs 4,500 marks a quarter loaf, of course a very low price for people with the money to buy it. Behind the closed doors of flats even in fashionable quarters many middle-class people are slowly dying of starvation, too proud to tell even their friends of their need. Some of them prefer a more rapid end—suicides are becoming more and more common. Profound pessimism prevails. People seem to have lost almost all hope.

There is only too much reason for pessimism about the internal situation in Germany. A strike has just begun in the metal industries and when, as is the case in this country, no workmen are earning even a bare subsistence wage, one strike may easily lead to others. One of the demands of the metal workers is that their wages should be fixed according to a gold standard, so that they would be adjusted automatically to changes in value instead of being periodically revised as paper prices rise. The workmen have refused to accept a sliding scale based on the index numbers of the cost of living. They want a fixed wage in gold value which would of course be paid in paper marks at the current rate of exchange. In a country with a depreciated and constantly varying currency, this is the only just and rational way of fixing wages and salaries and it is surprising that German workmen have waited so long to make this demand. It is likely that other workmen will follow the example of the metal workers and demand wages fixed in gold value and, if the employers refuse to agree, as they have in the metal industries, a general strike may be the result.

How low wages are in Germany is shown by the fact that the workmen in the metal industries are at present asking for 12,000 marks an hour, whereas the employers have offered them 9,000 marks. At today's rate of exchange 12,000 marks are about six cents and the weekly wage (forty-eight hours) works out at about $2.90. Since the general cost of living in Germany (in gold prices) is on an average about 56 per cent of the pre-war cost, this wage is equivalent in purchasing power to about twenty-six marks before the war. Dr. Kuczynski's estimate of the minimum weekly wage required for the bare subsistence of a married couple with two children under ten in Berlin before the war was 28.80 marks. As I have said, no Berlin workmen are now earning the equivalent purchasing power of 28.80 marks a week before the war, although of course the pre-war wages of all skilled workmen were above it. For example the skilled workmen in the Berlin printing trade earned on an average before the war 34.38 marks a week—19 per cent more than the subsistence minimum. In 1920 their wages were 30 per cent below the subsistence minimum, in 1921 8 per cent below, in the first half of 1922 9 per cent below, in the third quarter of that year 40 per cent below, in the fourth quarter 50 per cent below, in January of this year 44 per cent below, in February 47 per cent below, in March 7 per cent below, and in April 5 per cent below. The pre-war weekly wages of Berlin bricklayers and carpenters were Mk. 41.82—45 per cent above the subsistence minimum. In 1920 their wages were 13 per cent below the subsistence minimum, in 1921 4 per cent above it, in the first half of 1922 10 per cent above it, in the third quarter of 1922 23 per cent below it, in the fourth quarter 43 per cent below it, in January of this year 39 per cent below it, in February 40 per cent below it, in March 8 per cent below it, and in April 5 per cent above it.[1] They are now certainly much below the subsistence minimum, having not yet risen in proportion to the enormous rise in paper prices, caused by the slump in the mark.

On no previous occasion have prices been raised so quickly and so much. In many cases the increase in prices exceeds that in the value of the dollar, with the result that even gold prices are higher than they were two or three weeks ago and the general cost of living is now probably more than 56 per cent of the pre-war cost. I happen to have bought this week at two different shops exactly the same article that I bought at each of them on June 16. In one case the *gold* price is now 30 per cent, in the other 70 per cent, higher than on the date mentioned. The increase in prices has been particularly excessive in the restaurants, many of which are now twice as expensive in gold value as they were a month ago. Two friends of mine paid 450,000 marks (nearly $3) a week ago for a dinner which, to my knowledge, would not have cost more than $1 or $1.25 in the same restaurant a month ago. What is more serious is that food prices in general are higher in gold value, as I know by my housekeeping expenses. In April food prices (in gold) were 65 per cent of the pre-war prices, but I should say that they are now about 80 per cent. This increase in gold prices is arbitrary and quite without justification. The tradesmen are able to make it because people are so confused by the constant changes in the value of the mark that they do not know where they are.

A very serious factor in the situation is the growing scarcity of provisions. The cold wet weather that we have had for three months—it changed a week ago—has ruined the fruit and vegetables, the prices of which are as high as, sometimes even higher than, before the war, in consequence of the shortage of the supply. Fruit and vegetables are imported from Holland, but they are necessarily expensive. Those with money to buy do not yet perceive the shortage in the supply of many foodstuffs. One can get as much butter as one wants but only because most Germans cannot afford to buy it. The best fresh butter now costs about twenty-five cents a pound, which is about 15 per cent less than it cost before the war at this time of year, but then the gold value of the average German income is less than one-fifth of the pre-war income.

It may already be too late to avert a catastrophe. In any case, there is not a moment to be lost, if we do not wish Germany to be plunged into anarchy and the payment of reparations to become forever impossible.

[1] I take these statistics from Dr. Kuczynski's *Finanzpolitische Korrespondenz*, May 15, 1923.

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These United States—XXXV*

NORTH DAKOTA: A Twentieth-Century Valley Forge

By ROBERT GEORGE PATERSON

THE drama of North Dakota has been one of the great American epics. Scene of a gigantic struggle for independence, fought almost as fiercely and tenaciously as the Colonists' revolt in 1776, its far-stretching prairies have been a continuous battlefield since the bloody days of Custer. There is a sparkle in the piercing northern air "out in those vast spaces where men are men" that prompts the clash of dominating spirits. Regarded by the sedate East as America's *enfant terrible,* its numerous reforms have made its name a synonym for radicalism, for amazing governmental ventures that have startled the conservative world, shivering its spine with the latest spectacle of the Nonpartisan League, whose daring shadow has broadened across the whole Western horizon. There has been real romance in the story of its forceful *dramatis personae,* stalwart builders who visualized empires, political chieftains who slapped each other's faces, earnest home-makers converting the great plains into a chrome-yellow sea of ripening grain, strong men bold enough to strike out for ideals and break the invisible chains of unseen rulers exacting tribute from afar.

Aside from the war, North Dakota's revolt has been one of the century's outstanding political events in America. It has had as many interpretations as it has had observers. Many passively noted it as one of those freakish experiments in which in the name of progress certain Western States occasionally have indulged themselves, a temporary obsession to be viewed with no more concern than a city changing to the commission form of government. To some it has seemed the heroic effort of the second generation of a pioneer people to conquer political chiefs, economic overlordship, and the forces industrial civilization has erected, as their fathers subdued Indian chiefs and the forces of nature. Others saw it as a conflagration fired by the incendiary bombs of demagogues whose personal destruction offered the only hope for its extinction. Still others have fancied it everything from the first American foothold of the foreboding International to a revolt of the tenantry. Ample evidence may exist for these contentions. It certainly was not a revolution without its Jacobins, its carpet-bagging exploiters suddenly swooping down upon it to direct its generals from behind the scenes, its feverish mob howling for the political decapitation of all survivors of the old regime. Nor was it without its Dantons sincerely seeking the economic deliverance of the State's agricultural classes from a system that ground them into vassalage while they produced the world's daily bread.

Yet none of these estimates is wholly correct. North Dakota has been greatly misunderstood, for it is not a State of Marxian idealists. Prior to the Nonpartisan League's appearance it had but a straggling Socialist element scarcely able to muster two thousand votes on election day. Unlike its neighbors of South Dakota and Iowa to the south, it never had any land tenantry worth mentioning. It has not been bothered by labor disturbances, as it has no laboring class except its floating farm helpers who come and go with the spring and autumn. While in 1913 there was a brief I.W.W. flurry at Minot the rioters were not North Dakotans but the typical Western rovers who frequent the trans-Mississippi region during the harvest season together with a boisterous handful of Butte's mining element who had strayed eastward out of Montana. Of all the States North Dakota is one of the freest from poverty. Nearly all of its half million people are landowners. A country of magnificent distances, its mighty expanse adapted itself to the acquisition of enormous tracts. The "bonanza farm," covering thousands of acres, sprang into vogue. Inconsequential indeed was the farmer possessing less than a section—640 acres—of land. The forty- or eighty-acre farm of the Eastern or Middle States is inconceivable to the average North Dakotan. The majority of the 30 per cent of its people that are not Scandinavian are keen-faced Yankees who migrated from Iowa, Illinois, and western New York to get rich quick in the early land boom, but on seeing the country's possibilities decided to stay. The years have dealt generously with them, and though North Dakota boasts only a few millionaires nearly every one is well to do. Virtually every farmer has his car, some three and four. A few years ago the tremendous business of the Ford plant at Fargo ranked it near the top of that company's branches throughout the country.

North Dakota's revolt came as the direct result of its complete subjection to outside domination. Hunger, poverty, class distinctions, religious oppression, political graft and chicanery all prompt rebellion. But nothing is more certain to provoke it than the attempt of one people to govern another.

Nominally a sovereign State, in reality North Dakota has experienced few of the thrills of sovereignty. From the hour of statehood it has been merely the "flickertail" of the Minnesota gopher. Albeit Bismarck is the capital where the Governor resides and the legislature convenes, the actual seat of the State government always has been in St. Paul and Minneapolis, homes of the overlords who played with its destinies. At the outset James J. Hill became its acknowledged patron saint and colonized it with Norwegians as Minnesota already had been settled by their Swedish cousins. Throughout his years his excellent paternal care well entitled him to the fond sobriquet of "Father of North Dakota." From St. Paul he watched over its interests—so closely interwoven with his own—with the same anxious eye a keen guardian displays for a wealthy ward. From a carefully guarded chamber in the West Hotel in Minneapolis its political wires were manipulated with rare dexterity by that most astute of all the Northwest's political chiefs, the frequently mentioned but

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infrequently seen "Alec" McKenzie of Klondike fame—fame suggested, if not exactly extolled, by Rex Beach in "The Spoilers." Perchance because of the proprietary concern exhibited in the State by these two gentlemen, the financiers, merchants, and millers of Minnesota's chief centers assumed that North Dakota was their private preserve. And few moves in North Dakota became possible without their sanction, as its legislators, bankers, and grain growers soon came to understand.

Whenever a North Dakota politician aspired to public office in North Dakota it first was necessary to run down to Minneapolis and see McKenzie. Whenever a new general business policy was promulgated for the State its announcement usually followed the return of some prominent North Dakotan from the Twin Cities. When Fargo wanted a new chief of police it sent to Duluth, and as a new Commercial Club secretary it selected one discarded by St. Paul. When Fargo was chosen as the site for the French Government's gift to the Norwegians of the United States of a statue of Rollo—the Norseman who invaded France ten centuries ago—the Hill interests managed, despite Fargo's spacious parks, to have it placed on the tiny greensward of their Great Northern railroad station where it has an uninspiring background in a yellow brick wall. When Minnesota's big-business interests learned that the North Dakota farmer no longer was producing enough to meet the advancing cost of their operations they launched a "Better Farming Association" in North Dakota to scrutinize his efforts and to make him produce more, sending up an energetic young man from Minnesota to run it. And upon discovery that, instead of ever becoming self-supporting, the "association" always would be a drain on their purses, they calmly tried to unload it on North Dakota's State Agricultural College and replace the college president with the energetic young man. Never has North Dakota been free from the supervision of its eastern neighbor. Its first submitted constitution, indignantly rejected as "a piece of unwarranted outside intermeddling," was drafted by James Bradley Thayer of the Harvard law faculty on request of the Northern Pacific Railroad's president, Henry Villard. There is no doubt that Mr. Villard was actuated by the best of motives in his desire to assist the new State's admission into the Union. But that he was not a North Dakotan militated against the acceptance of his good offices. Even the turbulent upheaval which finally overthrew the yoke of alien domination failed to restore to North Dakota's soil the seat of its government. The shrewd Loftus, the Robespierre of its revolution, and the autocratic Townley, grabbing the tempest with Napoleonic opportunism, both directed their annihilating campaigns from St. Paul.

Sporadic outbursts from the beginning revealed North Dakota's unconscious groping for self-determination. Queer things, impulsive and incoherent, were done in this battle for independence, but all revealed the underlying aim. At its second election it chose a Populist governor. The experiment did not last. The next uprising in 1906 had more enduring effect and made North Dakota a vital contributor to the subsequent Republican schism. For six years a Democratic governor and an "Insurgent" Republican legislature fought the McKenzie "Stalwarts" for control. In that time they enacted into law nearly every suggestion that promised hope of deliverance from outside political and financial influence. The statutes bristled in their defiance of the railroads and all outside business operating within the State. They affected nearly every commodity used, inasmuch as North Dakota is wholly agricultural and manufactures practically nothing for its own consumption. The rigidity of the State's pure-food laws for a number of years barred entrance to the products of several concerns of national prominence.

These caprices disturbed distant campaign managers, not because of North Dakota's power in national conventions, but on account of the misleading impression its unexpected treatment of their chosen candidates might give the electorate at large. It inaugurated several disquieting political novelties. It was the first State to hold a Presidential primary, and in it forsook the magnetic leadership of its once widely boasted foster son, Roosevelt, for the progressivism of La Follette. Later, in the effort to rid itself of Nonpartisan rule, it established another disconcerting precedent as the first State to recall its governor—the inoffensive Nonpartisan figurehead, Frazier—whom it subsequently elected to the Senate in place of the veteran conservative, McCumber. Its great organized protest followed in natural sequence to this list of reforms. It was but another, more emphatic, more defiant step toward independence. The protest subsided gradually, partially due to the overwhelming outside financial pressure marshaled to kill it; but chiefly because the Nonpartisan League as conducted proved it was not wholly an agrarian nor a cooperative movement. As distasteful in its dictatorial methods as any previous experiment, it failed in its five years of virtual State power to fulfil its chief promises to the North Dakota farmers for whose express benefit it was supposed to exist.

Farming on a huge scale, the ills of the North Dakotan lie in marketing. His crop is wheat and small grains. He is dependent on the railroads to move it and on the grain commission men of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce to sell it. Between the two he early found himself a helpless victim of strange price fluctuations and freight tariffs that more frequently favored the big elevator, milling, and railroad interests than himself. The chief Twin City millers and elevator magnates controlled the Chamber of Commerce, and the trading privileges of its floor were largely restricted to their representatives. As they were in position to buy grain virtually at their own grading, the North Dakota farmer felt himself at their mercy.

Amelioration of this condition was sought through a railroad commission empowered to adjust shipping disputes, through elevator commissions created to sit in Duluth and Minneapolis and seek fairer grading. Finally came a proposal for the construction of North Dakota State-owned and State-managed terminal elevators at Duluth and the Twin Cities. This caught the popular fancy and gradually edged its way into the political platforms. But owing to that happy lapse of memory with which politicians seem blessed after election the cherished projects always found a waiting grave in legislative committees.

Meanwhile a Farmers' Equity Society sprang into being to market the crop independently, and opened a Cooperative Selling Exchange in St. Paul. Immediately it became the target of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce. Both were located in Minnesota's Twin Cities, but as North Dakota furnished the crop it became the battleground of the conflict. The North Dakotans welcomed it, for they always relish a fight and are ever ready to take sides. Loftus, president of the Equity Exchange, a spectacular figure with a keen knowledge of crowd psychology, staged

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his skirmishes in Fargo every January when it was filled with farmers attending its annual grain growers' convention. His bizarre appeals and escapades stirred the State. He rented auditoriums, threw men out bodily, and applied for the removal of that police chief who dared refuse him protection. Townley sat in his audiences, an obscure but studious observer. When Loftus had keyed the farmers to open revolt and marched them on to Bismarck, while the legislature sat, to demand the long-promised State-owned elevator, Townley cleverly stepped in and wrested away the leadership for himself. He steered the Equity's membership into an organization of his own. Until that moment this new king, suddenly rising over this Egypt which knew not Joseph, had never been heard of even throughout his own county, the "slope country," on the western edge of the State. Dynamic, resorting to all the bombastic tricks of Loftus, he swept North Dakota like a Billy Sunday whirlwind. Staking his fortunes on this spirit of revolt at its height he toured the State in an automobile and secured the signed pledges of the farmers to support the child of his brain—the Nonpartisan League—which was to make him North Dakota's dictator for the next half decade.

Ostensibly the Nonpartisan League began as an association of North Dakota farmers formed to run their own State. But it gathered its leaders from the earth's four corners. While Townley was its czar he was not so unwise as to conduct it without advisers. One came from faraway Australia and New Zealand, another from Colorado and Washington, some from New York, several from Minnesota, but few from North Dakota. Some of these special importations had been prominent I.W.W. attorneys, and nearly every one of them had a record in several States as a candidate for some exalted office on the Socialist ticket.

Under League rule North Dakota launched energetically into numerous enterprises and sought to become its own financier. It opened a State bank. It started a home-building scheme. It attempted coal-mine seizures. It enacted legislation to seize necessary industries either in peace or war. It created an appointed State sheriff to whom all elected county sheriffs were made answerable. It subverted its public educational system to propagandize the League in all the public educational institutions. It attempted its own immigration commission to determine who should enter the State from Canada. That one tribunal expected to be the exemplar of law and order, its Supreme Court, indulged itself in a travesty of all order which might have gone well in opera-bouffe but was hardly expected in a serious government. Three newly elected League justices appeared at the capital and demanded their seats a month before their predecessors' terms expired. One of the court's League justices, evidently of journalistic bent, found a unique pastime in penning for the press a weekly letter which commented freely on his associates and discussed important cases up on appeal before they were decided. The League taught North Dakota some new tricks about how to perpetuate a State administration's power. It legally supplied the voter with advisers to help him prepare his ballot correctly. It then granted him the ingenious supplemental privilege of re-marking it at the polls upon discovery that he might have checked the wrong candidates.

It would be difficult to imagine a tranquil hour in North Dakota. Born in strife, it has been seething ever since. Long before the battle of the bottle made the American flag its champion and attacked the freedom of the seas, North Dakota wrestled single-handed with the demon rum. With its twin to the south it was the first State to write prohibition into its constitution when framed.

North Dakotans love their State with an admirable devotion. Their language describing it is rich with superlatives. They call Fargo the "biggest little city in the world" and don't relish having it belittled. They like to think of the Red River valley as the "world's bread basket" and to compare it to the Nile. Fargo assumes importance because it is the State's cultural, financial, and political clearing-house, but in more densely settled sections it wouldn't pass for a town of secondary consequence. Quite usual, Eastern in tone, similar to towns of 30,000 in Ohio or any Middle Atlantic State, it has a couple of bishops, plenty of churches, good public schools, an enterprising daily press, some handsome homes and streets, and an "exclusive set." There is considerable civic spirit in the State and nearly every hamlet has its "white way."

Yet with all its boasted State pride, notwithstanding its readiness to spend money on futile impeachment trials, on all sorts of elections and primaries, on new governmental experiments, North Dakota never has found the energy or wherewithal to build a decent State capitol. The nondescript hulk it calls a capitol unblushingly is shown to Bismarck visitors as one of the sights. And it is one. Although its location is superb on an ideal spot overlooking the town and the bald hills beyond the Missouri, it is a ramshackle, pieced-together arrangement, constructed in three sections, each of a different kind and color of brick—the front dark red, the middle wing vivid yellow, and the rear white. On all sides handsome new State capitols have been erected but North Dakota makes no effort to replace this architectural monstrosity. On its sloping grounds are the log cabin Roosevelt occupied during his three years at Medora, and a bronze statue the North Dakota women have reared to the Indian "bird woman" who guided Lewis and Clark across the Rockies.

Educationally North Dakota is quite abreast of other States. Its percentage of illiteracy is surprisingly small. Except for a meritorious but unknown epic drama of its famous Indian massacre by Aaron McGuffy Beede, an old Episcopal missionary among the Sioux, so far it hasn't figured much in literature and produced no distinctive literary geniuses of national renown—unless the monthly preambles of Sam Clark in his *Jim Jam Jems* could possibly rank him as a littérateur.

To live North Dakota's life is thrilling. It has a bleak, white winter when the mercury occasionally plays around forty degrees below and the railroad rails snap in the crispness. But there is a mighty call in its summer with its nine o'clock sunset and lingering twilight. And it has an irresistible autumn when the prairie chicken and wild-duck hunting is unequaled. From the picturesque undulations that pocket Minnesota's myriad sparkling lakes the country flattens out into the broad surface of North Dakota's smooth, fertile prairie which stretches away in a vast sweep to where the Bad Lands' jagged cliffs trace their lonely outline against the leafless Western sky. North Dakota possesses some strange germ that enters the blood and makes whoever leaves it always want to go back.

The next article in the series These United States, to appear in The Nation *of August 22, will be Illinois: First Province of the Middle Kingdom, by Howard Vincent O'Brien.*

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Yiddish Literature: A Product of Revolt

By L. TALMY

IN Berlin in the summer of 1921 I chanced to come across a placard announcing something to the effect that the Society for Disclosing Unknown Art was presenting some Jewish performers who would act and recite in Yiddish.

I felt deeply stung with the insult of it. I knew the aim of the particular society: to introduce to an oversatiated European public the "unknown art" of semi-civilized tribes. But I could not make out what this noble aim had to do with Yiddish, the language spoken by my friends and myself, besides twelve million more people living in the very midst of modern civilization. A language the sound of which may be discerned amid the din and clatter on the streets and boulevards of the great capitals of the civilized world; a literature thriving in a dozen countries of Europe and America, and yet—"unknown art," to be introduced to super-aesthetic European audiences as something exotic alongside the strange and "unknown art" of semi-savage tribes living on the fringe of civilization.

This was sad enough. But sadder still was the further reflection that there really are millions of cultured people for whom it would be nothing less than a revelation to discover that there exists in this world anything that goes by the name of Yiddish literature, and those who have a faint idea of its existence would hardly be able to name a single Yiddish author. The number of Yiddish books translated into other languages is ridiculously small, and even these have gone practically unnoticed. Yiddish literature has remained quite provincial. Its influence has not gone beyond the limited circles of Yiddish readers. Its paths have not crossed the highways of world literature. Although living and thriving in the midst of modern civilization it is, indeed, still something to be discovered.

It is an anomaly. Probably Yiddish literature remains in the shadow because there are so many Jewish writers in the "accessible" literatures, just as the assimilated or assimilationist Jews are too frequently mistaken for the bulk of the Jewish people. The few feeble attempts which have been made by Jewish lovers of Yiddish literature to introduce it to the world by translating individual works have failed because these well-wishers could not approach their task with the necessary perspective. It still remains for the outsiders to dive into the depths of the Yiddish language in order to discover Yiddish literature in its native soil and then interpret it to the world and, in a way, to itself.

There is no doubt that such daring explorers will find their expedition an interesting adventure, even if they find little wealth of purely aesthetic values. They may be disappointed if they look for perfection of form, play of color, richness of music, or flights of exotic fancy. But in reward for their pains they will find a literature which is *different*, a literature the very shortcomings of which, from an aesthetic point of view, are perhaps most worth considering.

Yiddish literature bears little resemblance to the literature created by Jews in other languages, in that it is an outgrowth of and deeply rooted in Jewish life. Its characteristics are those of a life which, in form and substance, may be traced back to the Judean days of early Christianity. Although Yiddish literature is a product of modern times, it should be projected against a background stretching almost uninterruptedly over a waste of 1900 years. For, if "Christianity"—not in the glory of legend and fable, not as a religion but as a mode of life—has lived through all these centuries, it has done so under the name of Jewish life. This vestige of an early Christianity unfavorable to the flourishing of aesthetic values has determined the nature, in a general way, of Yiddish literature and its history, which is the history of the struggle for expression of a sensuality becoming articulate after it had been repressed through long generations.

That the Christian nations have made great achievements in the fine arts is but added proof that these nations have never really been converted to Christianity but have remained essentially heathen. It might seem that at a turning-point in history the rulers of the Roman world saw fit to stage the comedy of proclaiming Jesus a God and thus to concede enough to the poor and the slaves to appease their unrest and subdue the latent rebellious spirit. Not that it necessarily was a cleverly designed scheme to fetter the dissatisfaction of the masses—but ultimately it amounted to that. Christianity degenerated into a powerful weapon in the hands of the masters to command obedience. It was reduced to dead, meaningless formulas which were drowned in the splendor and display of heathen ritual. Communication between man and God became an extremely complicated affair. There was between them the hierarchy of heaven's representative on earth. Man was more than ever removed from God, and paganism ran riot as of yore. And this fact has proved rather a blessing to the growth of art. Man could give greater vent to his senses. Personality had more freedom to assert itself. And it is in the assertion of personality that the fine arts thrive.

It was quite different with the Jews. For them what is called Christian life crystallized into a mode of life indeed. It was in its origin the expression of the state of mind of a weak people in the dusk of its national independence—the instinct of a people which had plainly seen the hopelessness of the fight and groped for some mode of existence that would insure its self-preservation. It was after the irreconcilable zealots had laid down their heads on the walls of Jerusalem in a final desperate struggle against the legions of Vespasian and Titus that the people, in danger of utter extinction, turned instinctively to the path of physical nonresistance counterbalanced by the sense of spiritual superiority furnished by the old religion, and thus succeeded in steering with some measure of safety through the dark and cruel ages that followed. The people were panting for breath in the heavy grip of the Roman mailed fist. They saw the hopelessness of the struggle, and hopelessness breeds meekness, resignation. "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." For consolation they looked to the life in the beyond. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." The people's sense of justice could not admit the possibility that God would allow evil to rule the world. God was theirs. He was the "father in heaven." And ultimately justice

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would be done on earth. Then, with the coming of the Messiah, the Jews, the most oppressed, would come to their own again. This life was only a passageway. Real life began in the hereafter; meanwhile struggle was hopeless. If the Jews suffered and were persecuted such was the will of the father, and it was for the best. The more suffering, the greater the reward.

This essentially Christian acceptance of fate defined the life of the Jews and guided them—passive onlookers and sufferers in a world of brute force and pagan riotousness—through the darkest centuries up to the present time when even this last stronghold of original "Christianity" is tottering. This is an age of revolution, of social upheaval forming new social strata, new classes, sharpening distinctions, edging differences. But this revolution which swept over Europe in the nineteenth century was very late reaching into the Ghettoes of Eastern Europe. Within the walls was a different life, an established order of things which remained almost untouched by time and its changes, the life of a purely religious community. One had to make a living, too. The Jews traded, or toiled. But that was secondary. The big thing was religion, and every spare moment had to be devoted to it. Life centered in the synagogue, which for the Jew was not only his place of worship, but also his place of study and his club, his pride and consolation. The rabbi was the spiritual leader, counselor and judge, teacher and interpreter of the commandments of God and the great savants of old. There were no marked class distinctions, no caste differences. The aristocracy was one that had scholarly distinctions. To be a scholar meant to be versed in the Talmud and the writings of the later great rabbis. It meant to be nearer to the source of knowledge which is God's.

Things worldly were shunned. In so far as they were necessities, they were fitted into the religious system. Everything was foreseen and foreordained. Love affairs were unknown. Sexual relations were regulated by religion. Matches and marriages were arranged according to ancient patriarchal customs. One even had to wash his hands as a matter of religious duty. Nature was foreign, no Jew who was true to the commands of the ancestors would stop to meditate on nature. Every leisure hour had to be devoted to religious study and prayer.

The heroes of the Ghetto were not those who distinguished themselves by physical strength or by deeds of valor. Valor was only in the spiritual field—the valor of asceticism, achievement in the field of learning and in union with God, martyrdom, to die in torture with the name of God on the lips.

The members of these religious communities—they were even called "holy communities"—were united by strong bonds. There was the one religion penetrating every phase of life, shared by no other race or nationality. There were the mutual sufferings and persecutions. All Jews are brethren and children of one father in heaven. "All children of Israel are responsible for each other." They learned this from bitter experience. Contact with the outside world was feared, because this outside world was always hostile and menacing. They gave Caesar what was Caesar's. But in their inner life these communities might as well have been behind impenetrable walls. It was a gray and colorless life, turned inward and heavenward, never outward and earthward—the life which might have been that of an ideal Christian community.

Needless to say there hardly was any place for a secular literature and the arts in this life. Religion was a purely spiritual affair. God was one—and he was without an image. To make images was sin. If there were artists in the Ghetto, little remains except a few ornaments and woodcarvings in synagogues or on gravestones. If there were poets or fiction-writers they had to become *maggidim*, sayers, wandering preachers popularizing God's laws and the teachings of the great rabbis or *badhons*, public buffoons hired to sing, recite, and make merry at weddings or at religious festivals.

Out of this life a secular literature began to develop as late as the sixties or seventies of the past century. (It is true there are Yiddish books and manuscripts dating back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But Yiddish literature, as a literature in the modern sense of the word, has developed only in the last half century.) It was then that the great revolution touched upon the Ghetto, and unrest began stirring amid the stiffness of ancient forms. Breezes from the outside world penetrated the Jewish communities, bringing messages from a beyond which was not of heaven but of the earth. The social upheaval in Europe could not leave Jewish life wholly untouched. There began a process of the disintegration of the Jewish community. The advent of industry in Eastern Europe brought economic changes into the Jewish town. With these the social distinctions became more marked. The youth was lured by the cities.

Yiddish literature was born. It sought to revolutionize Jewish life from the bottom up by battering away at the Jewish community with satire and ridicule. Its influence was no doubt revolutionary, at least among the poorer classes and the working people. But withal it had to adopt, in its first period, the characteristics of the life it was striving to uproot. Whether satirical or apologetic, Yiddish literature still plainly bore the marks of the traditional "holy community"; the spirit of Christianity was heavy upon it. Yiddish literature had to fall back upon an unmaterial spirituality wherein everything tangible and sensual had long been deadened by centuries of suppression. Religion had been a Procrustean bed which had effaced every trait of individuality within the life of the "holy community." It had deprived Yiddish literature of that moving force of artistic expression—the outstanding, dominating personality. It had robbed it of active heroes. For in the "holy community" a hero is he who conquers temptations, who subdues the emotions. The flesh was clay, form of the earth. Heaven, spirituality, needs no form.

Yiddish literature was groping for artistic expression. But where the senses had been subdued through many generations there was no outlet. It was turned inward, toward spirituality, schematization. Words were in the nature of flesh which only tended to imprison the spirit. The soul can be purified when the flesh is neglected, and for the sake of the purity of the spirit it would be well if it were possible to get along without words altogether. The ideal of the Cabbala student in Peretz's story is to attain a degree where he would sing not only without words but even without sounds—a literature of naked ideas, seldom clothed in the thin flesh of symbols, and more often in transparent allegories. Naked ideas on a background of gray.

However, the life of the traditional Jewish community with all its characteristics is swiftly passing away, and with it goes a period of Yiddish literature which is itself a

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monument to the spiritual and material rigidity of that life.

The revolution came late to the Jewish community, but the revolutionary process moved rapidly—as though Jewish life all at once made a tremendous and painful exertion to straighten its lines along the front of the surrounding world. This process was accelerated by the emigration which began in the eighties. The old community was broken up. The city, and especially America, uprooted and shattered the old unity of customs and traditions. New classes were formed. There appeared a Jewish laboring class which cast its lot with the workers of the respective countries. A Jewish bourgeoisie clamored for its place at the banquet table. The walls of the Ghetto fell, and the earthly beyond flooded in in heavy streams.

The immediate effect upon Yiddish literature of these swift changes was a wave of romantic reaction and a revival of hassidical mysticism which achieved their height in the years just preceding the World War. But this was also the swan song of those who remained spiritually bound to the old community, a parting mournful accord with a lingering echo. For already a new generation was springing up —a generation of those who have not known the life of old, or who were transplanted from its soil before they were too deeply submerged in its holiness. They brought into Yiddish literature what it lacked in its first period: personality, form, artistic expression.

It is probably not by chance that this new generation arose first in America. Here for the first time the old pressure of national persecution has been lifted from the shoulders of the Jewish immigrants. The Jewish masses from the secluded communities of Eastern Europe have shaken off the dust of centuries, straightened their backs, looked around them without apprehension, and seen life on earth. While in the Old World the Jewish community asserted itself by the passive means of "Christian patience," here the Jewish personality asserted itself by active struggle. The new Jewish writers and poets of America have frankly adopted this country as their own. They have conspicuously avoided reference to the "Jewish town" of Eastern Europe. That became something to be vanquished within oneself. Personality was the one precious treasure to be guarded zealously against the inroads of the collectivity. Away from the paths which might be paved with bricks labeled "problems"! Yiddish literature in America has thus reached the other extreme. It has become the apotheosis of personality.

This same struggle for the assertion of the Jewish personality has marked the development of modern Yiddish literature in Eastern Europe. There, however, it has asserted itself in the death-grip of armies and in the great social strife of the classes. The Jewish masses were shot out of their inertia and forced as active participants into the very midst of world history. The new Jewish personality which was hammered out in these struggles merged itself with the group—not of the passive herd, but a group determined to fight for the mastery of life, for the possession of the world, determined to conquer and build life anew. The young Yiddish writers and poets of Eastern Europe are not as jealous as their American colleagues of the integrity of their personality. They are children of the revolution, imbued with the powerful emotions of a self-conscious fighting group. They have learned to hate with passionate hatred and to show defiance with the abandon of outcasts. In the convulsions which the Jewish masses have lived through in Europe they have shaken off the last vestiges of their Christianity.

If some of the younger Yiddish poets indulge in blasphemy against Christianity and religion, it is from an awakened consciousness of what these things have been to the Jewish personality. It is as though Yiddish literature were aiming a final shot at the ghost of its former self, while it is establishing itself as the vigorous artistic expression of the new life begotten by the revolution.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter went to see Hiram and Hylan. He had never seen either of those great tribunes of the people, and it occurred to him that it was a little curious that New York City's defender of the people's right to be jostled a dollar's worth for a nickel should greet the California apostle of plain Americanism in evening clothes amid the gilt and crimson of the Waldorf-Astoria. Still, he reflected, the Waldorf has a political past, and the Mayor of New York certainly looked quite democratically uncomfortable in his dress suit.

* * * * *

BOTH the Senator from California and the Mayor of New York City read their speeches, but the Senator read better. The Mayor worked hard; the Senator was at ease on his feet. While his left hand held the manuscript his right hand was as busy as his voice, pointing heavenward, thumping thunderingly, stretched out flat in warning, refusing, questioning, insisting, with gestures as expressive as a Frenchman's. The Mayor, however, listened eagerly, intently, and appreciatively. His features beamed when the editor of the Boston *Transcript* quoted Emerson, Isaiah, and George Santayana in paying tribute to Hiram Johnson. But for his warmest approval Mayor Hylan had a method all his own. As the Drifter gazed about upon the faces of Tammany politicians and others gathered to do honor to Mr. Hearst's favorite candidate on that warm July night he gradually realized that while some clapped their applause and others expressed it in vigorous and rapid puffs from their cigars, Mayor Hylan chewed approval. His mouth, usually open, came to with a snap, and hands and jaws began working in perfect unison. It was a masterpiece of magisterial enthusiasm.

* * * * *

THE Drifter, being a cynic in politics, is not required to have political opinions of his own, but as a sporting proposition he would be willing to place a bet on the gospel according to Hiram Johnson as against the gospel according to Oscar Underwood. He has wandered, very pleasantly and peacefully, in Europe, but he shuddered with Hiram's audience when the Senator painted the blood-stained carpet of Europe and hinted at the hereditary feuds into which wicked propagandists were seeking to drag the innocent American people. The greatest applause of the evening came when Senator Johnson declared, with a mild reservation of course, that he "would not send a single American soldier again across the seas."

* * * * *

FURTHERMORE, the Drifter discovered in Hiram an orator with a real prose style. He "iterated and reiterated," he "solved and settled" as eloquently and repeti-

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tively as the hero of Bayard Hale's study of presidential style. There is one practice, however, against which the Drifter would warn the Senator. Senator Johnson dedicated himself "in my humble fashion," spoke "in my poor way," "paused a moment to sound my feeble warning." This business of self-depreciation is dangerous; it sometimes leads to strange mistakes. There is the case of Josiah Royce who, in the preface of his "Philosophy of Loyalty," sought to pay his tribute to William James. What he actually wrote was: "William James, but for whom no poor book of mine would ever have been written."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

The "Quite Unintelligible" Emerson

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A reading of Professor Sherman's latest book and of Mr. Boyd's review in your columns suggests the following question: Why is it that so many ardent defenders of tradition are ignorant of the very tradition which they champion? It so happens that in several of my essays I have quoted the phrase, "Beauty is its own excuse for being." This seems to have earned the special wrath of Professor Sherman, who in "The Genius of America" (page 241) calls it "oracular and quite unintelligible" and states that it was "invented" by the anti-Puritan theorists of the school of art for art's sake. It seems difficult to believe that any American should need to be told that the phrase was "invented" by Emerson and occurs in his poem Rhodora. The idea that "beauty, like truth, is an ultimate end" (the phrase is also Emerson's) is not the creation of "more or less alien-spirited guides," but appears in the essays of Poe, Emerson, and their contemporaries, and runs like a golden thread throughout the nineteenth century down to the very matter-of-fact John Burroughs. It is, in fact, a vital part of the American tradition of culture, which is not so rich that it can afford to ignore this golden thread. Poor as that tradition may be, it is infinitely richer than Professor Sherman's knowledge of it may lead him to suspect.

Amenia, N. Y., July 18 J. E. SPINGARN

More About Tax-Exempt Securities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The language of the Sixteenth Amendment discussed by Mr. Furth in your issue of the 18th instant, "from whatever source derived," is so clear that no less an authority than Mr. Hughes, when governor, in his message to the New York Legislature advanced as an argument against the ratification of the amendment that its adoption would make it possible for the Federal government to tax income derived from State and municipal bonds. The same position was taken by Governor Wilson of Kentucky. Professor Minor of the law school of the University of Virginia was of the same opinion. Elihu Root took the opposite view.

What strikes one as peculiar is that with all the hue and cry against this form of tax-exempt income, the opposition to which is both public and private—public because of the wholesale opportunities to escape taxation as well as the encouragement given to reckless local undertakings and the spending of State and municipal funds, and private because of the competition of local government in the field "preempted" by private bankers and houses of issue—no effort is made to amend the income-tax law by placing such income on the same footing as other income which is taxable. Why is the long, roundabout way pursued of trying to get a two-thirds vote of the Congress and a three-fourths vote of the States for a further constitutional amendment when legislation requiring only a majority vote could be put through in less than half the time? The effort at constitutional amendment by way of insurance against an adverse decision of the United States Supreme Court should not be abandoned, but what is lost by legislation? Merely the chance that that court might say when the precise case comes before it that the words "from whatever source derived" do not include sources which may by implication from other provisions of the Constitution be beyond the power of the Congress to "destroy." On the other hand, owing to the delay incident to the ratification of a constitutional amendment, the constant drain of sources of revenue continues, indeed accelerates, through increasing efforts on the part of localities to put out issues that are hoped to be tax proof.

The whole maladroit procedure gives rise to the suspicion that the method that has been pursued to reach that class of income has not been selected in good faith but rather to buttress and safeguard the huge investment in tax-exempts already made by a constitutional declaration to the effect that income derived from future issues of State and municipal bonds may be taxed, and therefore, though not stated but coming within the well-known doctrine of "practical construction," that income from issues prior to the adoption of the proposed amendment is forever exempt.

New York, July 18 B. T.

Turkey and Armenia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We beg leave to reply to Miss Papazian's letter of June 12, wherein she objected to certain statements made in our article The Turkish Myth. The venerable Arslanian, present Patriarch of Christian Armenia and certainly more qualified to speak for his people than are absentee patriots, stated to the Chicago *Tribune* representative in Constantinople on April 30:

> There is no truth in the story that my people have appealed to Sir Horace Rumbold to raise any Armenian question at Lausanne. We formally disapprove of propaganda conducted by Armenians abroad. This only arouses animosity and accomplishes nothing. It makes the Armenian people a mere cloak for the selfish policies of the Great Powers. We Armenians are participating wholeheartedly in the elections as our duty. We are resolved to work hand in hand with Turkey in the interests of the nation.

The Patriarch was not under Turk coercion or influence, being at the time under the protection of Allied guns. Miss Papazian says that the recent independence of Armenia was achieved by the Armenians. True, but by Armenians at home, working hand in hand with members of the new government of Turkey. We did not, as Miss Papazian suggests, ignore testimony of eye-witnesses as to alleged massacres. One of the writers, Mr. Moss, has spent considerable time in the Near East and has first-hand knowledge of atrocities perpetrated by Kurdish bands (as was admitted in our article), and also knows of many atrocities committed by *Armenian*, Greek, Bulgar, and Serb comitadje.

ARTHUR MOSS
FLORENCE GILLIAM

Paris, July 2

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT DELL, formerly Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, now lives in Berlin.

ROBERT GEORGE PATERSON, formerly the Legislative Correspondent and later the City Editor of the Fargo *Forum*, is now with the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

L. TALMY is the editor of *Reconstruction*, organ of the All-Russian Jewish Public Committee in America.

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Books

Defiance

Escapade. By Evelyn Scott. Thomas Seltzer. $3.

THIS book tells the story of a high and heroic adventure, an adventure entered upon with complete intellectual lucidity and lived through with astonishing fortitude. Uncharted seas and poisoned trenches are not more deadly than that extra-social limbo into which the two people spoken of were plunged. For they evidently permitted themselves none of the easements, the subterfuges, and precautions which can mitigate even such a situation as theirs. Armed only with justice and love, stripped of money, friends, their own civilization, their very names, these two adventured forth. They found themselves in a purgatory all the more intolerable as there was nothing in them to be purged. All moral, as opposed to legal, values were on their side. To that consideration the world turned a front of granite. The martyrdom, while it lasted, was complete.

The scene of that martyrdom happened to be Brazil, not the Brazil of planters' or consuls' verandas overlooking the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, but the Brazil of the common people—a place of poisonous beasts, poisonous diseases, heat, stench, ordure. A place, too, of unbearably sharp colors. And since Evelyn Scott is acutely sensitive to color and the mood of color, the picture she gives us of the places in which her high adventure was lived has an iridescence like that of fiery death and glittering decay.

She lives largely through the eye. Clear as her mind was in regard to the quality of her adventure, great as were her sufferings and her fortitude, she never ceases for a moment to be an impressionistic painter in words to whom, quite ultimately, the "values" of the visible scene appear to be of more importance than the magnificent defiance she flung at the world. Thus her narrative consists of a string of tiny episodes, pictures, fierce, strange, garish little idyls, and is never permitted to gather sweep, passion, or the spiritual impact to which its substance and its story could so easily have aspired. A story of heroic adventure thus becomes singularly unheroic. It is clear visioned, skilful, even brilliant; it is unheroic. Its impressiveness must be inferred. The words never strike upon the heart.

They are not meant to do so. The book is written within an ultra-modern convention. It is not a convention of the impassive, nor of the stoic; the convention does not actually imply a fear of emotion and eloquence. It is a convention of *morbidezza*, of the trivializing, through a literary method, of things of large import, a convention that reduces imagination to fancy, figures to conceits, that is ashamed or afraid ever to speak largely, simply, passionately. It has not passed *beyond* sophistication. It is still fettered, unconsciously perhaps, by the opinions of peoples who sit in cafes and declare Swift and Milton and even Rousseau *vieux jeu* and insist on chattering about T. S. Eliot and Gauguin.

I make this point precisely because Evelyn Scott's talent seems to me so strong and rare and because to that talent is now added a confession which raises her human dignity, courage, strength at least to the level of that talent. Her gift, her experience, her moral power should have combined to produce a work that touched greatness through passion, conviction, through "exaltations, agonies and love and man's unconquerable mind." The touch of greatness is quite missing. There are morbid acuteness of vision, moments of intense literary skill, phrases of sudden, striking felicity. The reader is pleased, astonished, fascinated. He is never enlarged, never carried beyond himself, never lifted into a region where skill and acuteness are forgotten and merged into larger and nobler qualities and considerations. And the book ends with an episode of complete obscurity. What leaves a trained, attentive, and sympathetic reader puzzled is not literature.

Yet it is clear from these very considerations that "Escapade" is indeed literature, that the major portion of it belongs to what we have in America of quite serious art. Nor is it the critic's function to wish that an author should write otherwise than that author has, in fact, chosen to write. The critic may, however, assert that here is art which seems to him cramped, fettered, enfeebled by causes not rooted in the author's creative vision or faculty, but arising from a passing mood and fashion. The poets of England did not remain "metaphysical." Our period, too, needs plainer, manlier, more passionate expression. Evelyn Scott is young enough to become a sharer and a fashioner of that needed change of speech and form. LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Luminous Psychology

Psychology and Politics. By W. H. R. Rivers. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

Conflict and Dream. By W. H. R. Rivers. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

EVERY age has its pet credulities, and if our favored miracles have passed off as psychological science it is not the first time that a changeling has found its way into the history of thought. There has been in the last decade an unprecedented flood of books that have pretentiously anatomized human nature, and offered social psychology as social salvation. The war did something to cure us of our naive belief that new terms could cure old evils; we are ceasing to be gullible idolators of hasty science. But there have grown up, along with the more orthodox psychology of the crowd, the spectacular hypotheses of the Freudians. The subject matter of the latter, consisting chiefly of sex and dreams, has in itself been sufficiently glamorous to win widespread popular attention. Lurid generalizations about life, conduct, and the cosmos, based largely on material drawn from the pathological clinics, has penetrated even as far as the hack short story and the vaudeville stage.

The reaction has just about set in. In the words of the author of these two modest and luminous books: "There is now a serious danger that psychology will fall into discredit partly owing to the zeal of its votaries for the unconscious and infantile aspects of the mind, but still more owing to premature attempts to utilize its supposed discoveries practically while the basis upon which they rest is uncertain and insecure. It seems to me almost certain that there will be a reaction against the almost universal interest which the study of psychology excites today, and that we are approaching a period when it may even become a matter of ridicule to make those references to psychological explanation and interpretation which now arouse such hopes and interest."

But the excesses of its votaries and the overreaching ambitions of this embryo science need not blind us to its incalculably promising future. It needs only to be recognized that a science of human nature remains a desideratum rather than an accomplishment, a hope rather than a history. And it is from such sensible and unpretentious books as these two by the late Dr. Rivers that that hope will chiefly come.

"Psychology and Politics" is the title given to a book of lectures and essays prepared by Dr. Rivers at various times and for various occasions, and edited by his friend G. Eliot Smith after the former's untimely death. The essays are in varying measure suggestive; and that is all that they are intended to be. They have that frequent felicity of English scholarship, the distillation of much thought into a clear bright essence. From the point of view of insight and method the first essay is perhaps chiefly important. A psychiatrist by profession, called upon suddenly to stand for parliamentary election from the University of London, Dr. Rivers proceeds in his title essay to consider anew the relation between psychology and politics. He points out by means of several pointed illustrations that it is too early for the psychologist to teach the statesman or the political scientist anything. Rather the reverse is the case.

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Knowledge of the facts of social and political behavior can make a far greater contribution to our psychology than any psychological knowledge we at present possess can make to our understanding and treatment of current social and political problems. It is from the data of social and political behavior that the psychologist must derive his hypotheses, and in the facts of social and political behavior that he must test them. Social psychology to be relevant to the collective action it tries to explain must be a formulation of the observed connections between the facts of collective action; otherwise it is doctrinaire metaphysics masquerading as empirical science.

In the chief of the remaining essays in this volume Dr. Rivers attempts to turn to account recent findings in his own field of psychiatry, in so far as these findings have clear social incidence. Thus he points out that there is, in a genuine sense, an analogy between the morbid in the psychology of the individual and the morbid in sociology. In both cases fundamental incoherences and maladjustments must be faced and cured; it is not sufficient that their symptoms be treated and palliated, and their causes left operative and obscure. In his essay on "Instinct in Society" Dr. Rivers seems to have been rather unnecessarily hypnotized by the "herd instinct" under which rubric so much explanation was a few years ago being performed. But even in this essay Dr. Rivers has wise and humane things to say.

"Psychology and Politics" might be described as a book of wisdom, the work of an expert technician and an intimate observer of life. "Conflict and Dream" shows Dr. Rivers perhaps in his more familiar professional surroundings. A student and practitioner of psychiatry, he tries in this volume, in a journalistic phrase, to edit Freudianism, to point its essential truths, and prune away its excrescences. The volume consists largely of a singularly clear and candid and documented analysis of dreams of the author and his patients. These analyses give the impression of directness, simplicity, and common sense. They are interpretations of what is there. Dr. Rivers's conclusions—and he is suggestive rather than dogmatic—differ in several important respects from those of Freud. Dreams are for him, in the first place, not characteristically wish fulfilments—nightmares are in essence the reverse; they are rather attempted solutions in sleep of waking conflicts in the life of the dreamer. Secondly, where Freud and his followers refer the origin, content, and structure of the dream back to infantile conflicts and repressions, Dr. Rivers insists that all dreams are traceable to some recent conflict in the waking experience. The apparent infantile character of the dream is explicable from the fact that the infantile mode of mental functioning alone is available when the higher or more recently acquired modes of mental functioning have been put out of activity in sleep. The adult personality is not completely dormant, however, and dreams are in consequence curious hodge-podges of recent adult contents confused with early infantile symbols. The cause and content of the dream are largely recent and adult in character; the symbols and modes of it are alone infantile. Thirdly, Dr. Rivers differs from Freud in insisting that, however transformed and disguised the essential meaning of a dream becomes, there is never a really radical displacement; that is, the chief element of the apparent dream is never a minor element of the actual conflict of which it is an expression.

It is difficult to pass judgment on the validity of these specific contentions; they are modestly and consistently developed and are supported by clear and impeccable evidence. But both these books are important for their suggestions rather than their conclusiveness. They are welcome additions even to the unending literature of the now no longer "new psychology." Both of them are examples of specific suggestiveness, of the opening of new avenues and new vistas to the understanding of human nature. That, for the present, is all that an honest psychology can set out to be. One regrets that Dr. Rivers's contributions to so important a human inquiry are at an end.

IRWIN EDMAN

Serbian Secrets

Die Ermordung des Erzherzogs Franz Ferdinand von Stanoje Stanojevic. Aus dem serbischen Manuskript übertragen von Hermann Wendel. Frankfurt a. M.: Frankfurter Societäts-Druckerei. 1923.

NOW comes a Serbian professor of history with a new explanation of the murder of Serajevo and the origin of the Great War. What he says of Serajevo is most important, for he was a member of and a lecturer for the Narodna Odbrana, which Austria accused of inciting the murder. Not this society, whose actions were public, but a secret organization, the Ujudinjenje ili Sinrt, "Union or Death," he says, was responsible. And not this organization but its chief, Colonel Dimitrijevic.

Of Dimitrijevic he paints an entrancing picture. Proud, gifted, aristocratic, a convincing speaker and a skilful organizer, he played a leading part in the palace murders of the revolution of 1903; sent a man named Jovanic, alias Lala, to murder the Austrian Crown Prince in 1911 (Lala mysteriously disappeared in Vienna); attempted an officers' revolution in Macedonia early in 1914, and tried to organize a Bulgarian revolution in February; obtained arms for the young Bosnians who did the deed at Serajevo in July, 1914, without informing his own committee (which disavowed him, too late to stop the murder); in 1916 sent a Greek from Corfu to kill Constantine, and was shot on the Salonica front in 1917 for an attempted assassination of Crown Prince Alexander.

Dimitrijevic was chief of the information service of the Serbian General Staff in 1914. After Kaiser Wilhelm and the Austrian heir met at Konopischt in the spring of 1914, he received secret information from the Russian General Staff that Germany and Austria had agreed upon a plan to destroy Serbia. This he believed, and he concluded that assassination of Franz Ferdinand, Serbia's arch-enemy in Austria, was the surest way to prevent war. Two young Bosnians came to Belgrade about that time, and the arrangements were made.

Thus Professor Stanojevic, who knew Dimitrijevic and played a part in earlier secret committees. The story has the value of Professor Stanojevic's memory; it sounds plausible; but one man's memory does not get us very far.

L. S. G.

History

The Trend of History. By William Kay Wallace. The Macmillan Company. $3.

"WE are standing on the threshold of an unpolitical age. Politics has fallen from its high estate. . . . The preeminence of the state politically conceived has been called into question. . . . Other forms of corporate organization are pressing for recognition. We may in turn see arising before our eyes a new, great social organization . . . in its essence unpolitical . . . 'Industrialism,' which may serve to denominate this new institution, is a social and economic system, only indirectly political. Such would appear to be the trend of history."

This quotation characterizes the standpoint of this entire volume, which, barring a few minor flaws in emphasis and fact, is one of the best summaries of the historical "origins of twentieth-century problems" at hand. History to Wallace is not a dead-level cataloguing of dry events, but a socio-psychological reconstruction of past trends for present prediction. Starting with an analysis of the shift from the theocratic-legalistic idea of the state at the breakdown of Medievalism to the politico-juridic conception, the author reviews in bold, telling strokes the rise and meaning of the middle-class control of our Western world. Consequent to the Enlightenment and the Revolution in France, and the Industrial Revolution in England, the bourgeoisie, bringing the expansion of industrialism and the rise of nationalism with them, came rapidly into power.

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The marriage of capitalism and the nationalistic state marks the significant epoch from 1750 to the twentieth century. All historical movements overlap and at the moment when this alliance of bourgeois economics and nationalism seemed supreme, even final, the new movement of proletarian class-consciousness was arising. The very forces of the industrial age—the internationalizing of markets and sources of raw materials—tended to divorce the nexus of narrow nationalism and *laissez-faire* economics upon which rests middle-class security.

Wallace believes that the super-state imperialism, the *Realpolitik*, of Disraeli and Bismarck is nearer the internationalism which the modern industrial world has created and hence, in that manner, nearer the proletarian movement than the timid, temporizing, bourgeois civilization could ever be. The notion of the state as power, so exaggerated by Bismarck, bears certain resemblances to the Hegelian notions poured forth by Marx. Therefore the grafting of an industrial state, rather than a middle-class democratic one, on an aristocratic regime in Russia is easier than a like movement would be in powerful but decaying capitalistic Western Europe or America.

The very forces brought to life by nationalism and middle-class industrialism have burst the frames originally laid down for them. "Economics henceforth was to dictate to politics the aims of policy." Exploitation, the forceful bearing of European industrial culture to backward countries, the struggle for markets, the militarization of Europe, even the pacific interdependence of art and science, all augured for a new era of which the recent war in Europe seems to have been definitely part and parcel.

While the present book stops with the Bismarckian period, it is hoped that the writer will add another volume which will bring the trend of history to date and show the subsequent steps, if possible, in the reorientation in the present world to this newer basis which he has here so well outlined.

KIMBALL YOUNG

Leopardi Translated

The Poems of Leopardi. By Geoffrey L. Bickersteth. Cambridge University Press. 30s.

IN a large, handsome volume the Senior Lecturer in English Literature in the University of Glasgow gives us a specimen of that complete mastery of subject, that fulness and clearness of presentation, which we oftenest associate with British scholarship in the ancient classics. The nucleus of the work is an edition of Leopardi's *Canti* based on Mestica's text, face to face with an English poetic version in the meters of the original. Some fifty pages of notes afford not only the explanations called for by difficulties of expression or allusion, but also everything in the way of biographical and literary connection that can enhance the reader's understanding. Bibliography and index bring up the rear.

At the front is an introduction, divided into three parts which of necessity more or less overlap: The Poet's Life, The Poet's Art, The Poet's Thought. Here one gets the impression of a critic thoroughly in sympathy with his author—a sympathy due, one surmises, rather to profound comprehension than to affinity of temperament. The first part is the most pleasing. Why is it that Leopardi's strange, pathetic career is generally so uninteresting in the narration? At last we have the story told with all its poignancy, with sufficient but not excessive abundance, with wise proportion, and with constant regard to its outcome in immortal song. The Poet's Art is attractive especially to the versifier, although, with its insistence on Leopardi's doctrine of clearness, simplicity, and adaptation of form to matter, it must in any thoughtful reader stimulate appreciation of that which makes verse poetry. The third part, The Poet's Thought, is perhaps the least satisfactory, not from any inadequacy of treatment, but rather because the theme itself seems to grow thinner the more one expounds it. Perhaps it is true of poet-philosophers in general—of Shelley, of Alfred de Vigny, of Leopardi, even of Goethe—that their philosophy is best apprehended in their own words, and seldom lends itself to restatement in prose.

As to the translations, which, one may conjecture, were the occasion of the rest of this truly monumental work, they show, in addition to the fine understanding which one naturally takes for granted in the case of such a student, a delicate sense of movement and euphony and a resourceful intelligence in coping with a tremendously hard task. For Leopardi's poetry, despite its suggestion of spontaneous flow from the author's pen, was really produced with immense toil, and offers the translator a problem of corresponding magnitude. One cannot have everything. The concise yet easy elegance, the simple grace which Leopardi derived in great measure from his study of Petrarch and the Greek poets, defy continuous reproduction in an alien language. To say that the version approximates the charm of the original is high praise. Mr. Bickersteth's greatest success lies perhaps in his copy of Leopardi's melody and rhythm. In the poet's *canzone libera*, rhythm is of the acoustic elements by far the most important; and this rhythm, so fitful yet so regular, so exactly harmonized with syntax and with sense, the translator has with surprising dexterity transferred to our hyperborean tongue.

C. H. GRANDGENT

A Many-Sided Man

A Life of Francis Amasa Walker. By James Phinney Munroe. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

THIS biography of Francis A. Walker is the record of an American who, in the space of fifty-seven years, won distinction in four careers: as a soldier, in the civil service of the government, as an educator, and as an economist.

Inheritance and opportunity combined to give Walker an unusual start in life. His father, Amasa Walker, was a man of high standing as a writer on economic topics, as a teacher, and as a public-spirited citizen; when Francis was twenty-one the outbreak of the Civil War summoned him, and he enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment. His rise was rapid, and as assistant adjutant general of the famous Second Army Corps (Hancock's) he won recognition for his ability and his bravery. His work as a military historian in later years was by no means an inconspicuous service to his comrades in arms and to his country. In the years following the war up to 1881 he made a notable record as Superintendent of the Ninth and the Tenth Census, as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, as Chief of the Bureau of Awards of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and as professor of history and political economy in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. From 1881 till his death in 1897 he was president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; to this period also belong his major writings in the field of political economy.

To the economic thought of his time Walker made a contribution of sound common sense and independent judgment. Doing pioneer work in this field, he incurred at first the contempt of the old practitioners; but the ancient abstractions yielded before his searching analysis, his grip on reality, and his humanizing sense that he was dealing with questions affecting the welfare of living men. In England, as in the United States, "he woke men up and made them think again." His championship of international bimetallism before and during the campaign of 1896 is an illustration of independence of surrounding influences not often seen in a college president. At the same time he was the stimulating comrade of fellow-workers in the field of economics. Few things reveal so vividly his genius in leadership as the encouragement he gave to the younger men in the American Economic Association, of which he was the first president.

Courage and independence were again the watchwords of General Walker's career as president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1881 all that the institution had to its credit was one building, a handful of students, and the great name and

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inspired vision of its founder, William Barton Rogers. It was almost a discredited pioneer, and had barely escaped absorption into the Scientific School of Harvard University. With all his powers of mind and soul, Walker made himself the champion of the Institute. He insisted on the validity of the new type of education based on science and scientific method; he reiterated the importance of autonomy. The response to his call in money, students, and teachers was little short of marvelous, and in an incredibly brief time the prestige of the school was high.

Of the author of the biography just issued it may be said that a considerable portion of his life has served as preparation for this labor of love. He was intimately associated with Walker in the administrative work of the Institute, he has been for many years secretary of the corporation, and he is known among Tech alumni and in the world of education for his furtherance of the ideals for which Technology stands. The volume which he has written is distinguished by its fine balance in the presentation of the character and achievements of a many-sided being. To him Walker has never ceased to be a living influence, and it is Walker the man who stands forth in these pages.

HENRY G. PEARSON

Une Grande Dame

Lady Palmerston and Her Times. By Mabell, Countess of Airlie. 2 vols. George H. Doran and Company. $7.50.

IN "The Education of Henry Adams" a high tribute is paid to Lady Palmerston, attendance at whose "at homes" the young American, in his lonely days in London, found to be "a lesson in social education." This book consists mainly of a collection, accompanied by necessary interpretation, of letters exchanged between her and her brother, Lord Beauvale, together with correspondence that passed between her and Lord Palmerston. The period covered ranges from the death of Princess Charlotte in 1817 to that of Lord Palmerston himself in 1865. Lady Palmerston was almost the last of the powerful *grandes dames* of the old Whig party, and it was well worth while to preserve her sprightly chronicle of those events of British politics and London society which she had such exceptional opportunities of observing at close quarters. The Dowager Countess of Airlie has performed her editorial task with sympathy and understanding, and has added to the value of the book by introductory chapters in which she skilfully summarizes the characteristics of the circle in which Lady Palmerston moved and the most noteworthy social conditions of the time.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Books in Brief

Old English Grammar. By Joseph Wright and Elizabeth Mary Wright. Humphrey Milford. Oxford University Press. $2.70.

This grammar, like the others in the series in which it appears, is historical and comparative in plan. But the treatment is not unified. The volume falls into two distinct treatises. The first, Phonology, is an exceedingly able introduction to the whole range of Indo-Germanic philology; the second, Accidence, which deals with Old English Grammar proper, will not serve the student as well as several existing manuals nor the scholar as well as Sievers's monumental work.

Times Have Changed. By Elmer Davis. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

The rather hesitant opening pages of this book lead the reader to expect an easygoing tale of the trials of suburban married life, and he is surprised to find himself suddenly involved in a whirl of haphazard adventures that turn the mild solace of the hero's "evening off" into a feverishly active week-end. The complications are designed solely for the reader's entertainment; character development is an extraneous consideration. But as the performance of willy-nilly antics is on the whole ingeniously planned and swiftly carried out, the reader ought to ask for nothing more.

Psychoanalysis and Suggestion Therapy. By Dr. Wilhelm Stekel. Moffat, Yard and Company. $2.

Stekel is candid, sensible, and moderate. Working with the really profound truth that "every neurosis is the result of a mental conflict" which the patient doesn't have to solve so long as he can hug his neurosis, the author illustrates the patient's general reluctance to be cured at all and thence shows the true nature of the many apparently queer results of psychoanalytic treatment. Especially refreshing is Dr. Stekel's warning against our American tendency to make of the new therapy a game, a fad, and a mystery.

Farewell to America. By Henry W. Nevinson. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. 50 cents.

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International Relations Section

Kuzbas Tells Its Own Story

STIRRED by the charges aired in American newspapers by disgruntled ex-members of their colony, a group of American workers in the pioneer industrial colony "Kuzbas" at Kemerovo in the Kuznets basin, Siberia, sends the following statement to the American public through *The Nation:*

TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC:

From time to time during the past few months word has come to us, in clippings and in letters, that many false statements have been published in the American press about Kuzbas Colony in Kemerovo. We feel impelled, therefore, to write the following report of actual conditions here in order to correct any false impressions.

The American colony is only a small percentage of the working force of the industry, Kuzbas. There are 2,100 workers and employees in the Kemerovo mines and chemical plant, and a census of the American colony taken in April showed the total number of colonists to be 333. Of these, 183 men and 48 women work in the enterprise, 32 women do housework, and 70 are children.

These 231 American workers represent the various trades and professions as follows: 60 qualified miners, 50 mechanics, 25 carpenters and construction workers, 10 electricians, 15 lumber workers, 15 farmers, 25 technicians and office workers. The balance include miscellaneous trades—cooks, bakers, shoemakers, tailors, nurses, etc.

The general manager of the Soviet State Enterprise Kuzbas is S. J. Rutgers, a well-known Dutch engineer, a graduate of Delft University. Rutgers has had many years' experience in engineering work in Holland (where he built the port of Rotterdam), and in the East Indies, China, Japan, and America. Alfred Pearson, Jr., technical director of the enterprise, is a mining engineer of long experience in America, and is thoroughly American in his ideas and training. During the World War he was captain of engineers in the United States army. There are several other members of the colony who are ex-service men. W. H. Kingery, the present farm manager, came with a special recommendation from the speaker of the legislature of his State, as an expert agriculturist. Dr. William H. Mahler, chief engineer of the chemical plant, is a graduate of the University of Vienna and holds a degree from the Zurich Polytechnic School. He has had thirty years' experience in coke by-products and dyes, fifteen of which were spent in the United States. There are representatives here of the best-known educational institutions, including graduates of Cornell University, Columbia, the universities of California, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana, Lehigh University, Barnard and Williams colleges.

Colonists becoming members of Kuzbas bound themselves to work at their highest capacity for a period of two years in the enterprises of Kuzbas. During this time they were to provide themselves with clothes from America, and were to pay $100 to cover part of the food to be consumed by them, and $200 to cover transportation and tools. At the end of the period they were to receive a bonus of an amount not fixed, but to be determined by the success of the enterprise during that time. They were at all times to be subject to the decisions of the Soviet authorities and signed a pledge accepting this condition. In case the management and the Soviet authorities came into such conflicts that they could not agree, all of the colonists were to be given free transportation for themselves and their belongings to the Russian border. All moneys paid to the organization Kuzbas were accepted as loans, payable without interest, at such time (not sooner than two years) as the production of the industry should warrant it. No promises were held out which would lead any person to invest money for the financial rewards to be obtained. The basis for loans and contributions was that Kuzbas is an industrial experiment to aid in the rehabilitation of the disrupted Russian industries. As such it is functioning today.

Since the colony, far from being in disagreement with the Soviet authorities and breaking up, has actually received a subsidy, for the development of the enterprise, of one million dollars gold credit, and since the colonists are actually paid wages in money above the satisfactory standard of living promised them, it would seem that those colonists who have left are failing in the fulfilment of their contract, whereas, in all major particulars, the Soviet Government has made more liberal terms than promised. It would seem, therefore, that those colonists were not entitled to anything beyond their releases under a strict reading of the contract. However, the following terms are accorded to all leaving prior to the expiration of the two years' contract: Third-class fare to the border, including sleeping accommodations; cash allowance of one-half milliard per person (averaging, according to the rate of exchange, $10 American money); food allowance for one month, equivalent to ration allowed in Kemerovo; in cases where people were in bad health, all expenses to the United States for themselves and their families; and the management adopted the policy of purchasing tools from departing colonists to increase their traveling funds.

The industrial basis for Kemerovo lies in its mines and its chemical plant. Eight large brick and concrete and numerous small buildings constitute the chemical plant, which is the only one in Siberia. It is designed to produce from the one battery which is completed 200 tons of coke per day. While this plant is 85 per cent complete, and the one battery of fifty ovens entirely finished, it does not pay to operate until the by-products can be utilized. A special mission has just returned from Germany, where those materials were purchased which are necessary for the completion of the plant.

On the opposite side of the river are three working mines. According to the report of Professor Usoff of the University of Tomsk, one-fourth of the entire known coal deposits of the world are in Kuznets Basin. An aerial bucketway transports the coal across the river Tom to the railroad and chemical plant. All the auxiliary equipment for a plant far from its source of supplies is here in a degree that is not usual in America. We operate two saw-mills, a lime kiln, two brick kilns, three power stations, two machine shops, a foundry of 30-ton capacity, a boiler-making plant, a small coke plant, and other separate small industries.

This is a government enterprise, and as such we find the same rigid adherence to maximum labor conditions as obtains in government enterprises in the United States. The eight-hour day is universal, except that underground workers, office employees, and those under eighteen work only six hours. It is carefully prescribed, and even more carefully enforced, that youths and women shall not work at night, or in heavy or dangerous occupations, or overtime. It is required that the enterprise carry a given percentage of apprentices who now number over 100 out of the 2,100 employees. It is also required that all workers be given two weeks' vacation with pay annually, the enforcement of which increases the working force 10 per cent. Those engaged in dangerous or unhealthful occupations get one month. In cases of childbirth, women are given vacations of eight weeks before and eight weeks after confinement, with full pay and hospital treatment. According to the collective agreement between the enterprise Kuzbas and the Miners' Union, the

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management pays an amount equal to 17 per cent of the pay roll to the workers' insurance fund, so that all workers are taken care of in sickness and accidents. Medical services—major and minor—together with medicines are furnished free, being included in the insurance costs of the industry, covering also treatment in sanitariums free of charge. . . . All of the American colonists and over 80 per cent of the employees belong to the union.

The American colonists are industrially on a footing equal to the Russians, but when their ability enables them through the use of better methods to increase their production, they benefit to the full extent of that increase. This enables the Americans to average considerably higher earnings than the Russians, though the work is based on the same norms of production. As more and more machinery is introduced this is becoming increasingly apparent.

Prior to February 1, 1923, the American colony was not in control of the industry and was attempting to function under an impossible condition of dual management. But since the Americans took over the management of the Kemerovo Mines there has been a steady progress in organization and production. The plants and equipment were in a run-down condition; there was an enormous overhead due to inefficient management and an inordinate number of employees. A complete reorganization is being effected; the American management is steadily reducing forces, and at the same time increasing production. The accompanying statistics show this.

UNDER RUSSIAN MANAGEMENT

Article	Unit Metric	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Average
Coal	Tons	5,688	6,408	8,630	7,096	6,950
Per cent of Government Program		40.56	45.7	59.8	53.41	49.9
Coke	Tons	203	172	216	48	160
Per cent of Government Program		103.3	87.5	109.7	24.4	81.2
Sawmills	100 cu. ft.	237	162	179	95	168

UNDER AMERICAN MANAGEMENT

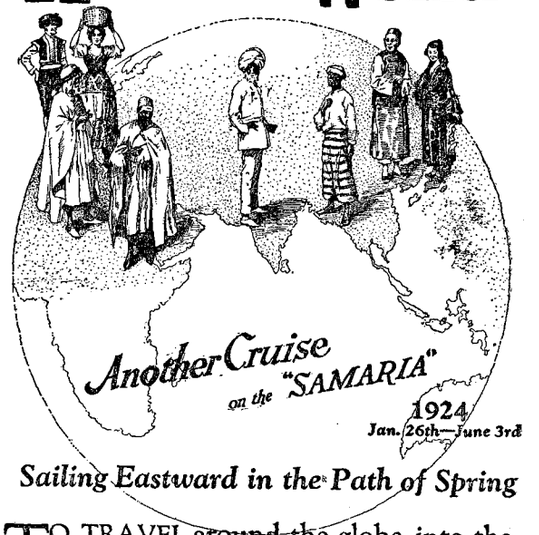
Article	Unit Metric	Feb.	March	April	May	Average
Coal	Tons	9,214	12,783	10,190	10,441	10,657
Per cent of Government Program		70.22	77.94	87.51	79.6	78.82
Coke	Tons	177	222	255	257	228
Per cent of Government Program		89.8	112.6	199.2	130.7	133.1
Sawmills	100 cu. ft.	62	305	522	...	296

Note: This has been accomplished with a reduction of over 20 per cent in the number of employees.

In reporting on the living conditions in Kemerovo it must be stated at the outset that housing has been bad during the past winter, but is rapidly improving. In general it was not possible to assign more than one room to a family, and in cases where there were children this worked a hardship. The single men were assigned to log barracks and found conditions very similar to an army camp. As one ton of coal per month is allotted to each stove, everyone kept warm during the winter. . . .

A sufficient percentage of the wages of the American workers (at present amounting to 60 per cent) is deducted for food and laundry service. In other words, each worker, regardless of his category, turns over 60 per cent of his wages to the common food fund, and thus all have an equal standard of living. It must be pointed out that this common fund also supports, besides the 231 *workers* whose wages are contributed to it, 102 *dependents*, including thirty-two women who, having young children, cannot work in the industry, and seventy children. Thus the essentials of the original conception of the colony have been preserved while at the same time it has been brought into harmony with the changed economic policy of the state.

Around the World



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It will be seen by the above simple statement of conditions in Kemerovo that life for the American colony in "Kuzbas," while not as comfortable as in America, is still quite tolerable and even happy. The call was sent out for pioneers and yet we have had to do little pioneering in the American sense of the word. Most of our difficulties have come, not through physical hardships, but through conflicts among ourselves and antagonism on the part of officials of the old Russian management, combined with a prolonged uncertainty as to the future status of the colony. Certain bad elements in the colony caused friction but these have gradually eliminated themselves, along with many good members, who left for a variety of reasons: some did not like the climate or were suffering from chronic diseases; others became discouraged because the American colony was so long in getting control of the enterprise; others, despite published facts to the contrary, came expecting to improve their material conditions; some did not like the introduction of the wage system, and still others did not find a need for their special qualifications.

The most trying stage of our history is past. Profiting by its experiences, the Kuzbas organization is admitting to membership in the colony only workers of industrial qualifications to fill specific needs who have a thorough understanding of the project.

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William Dudley Foulke, President of the National Civic Service Reform League, writes on the decay of public spirit, the disregard of law, the loosening of family ties, the decline of religious faith, as combining to prove that Modern Civilization is on the decline.

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